



From "Still More Russian Picture Tales." By Valery Carrick. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

Children's Books

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one of a little boy who saves his money to buy a license for his dog.

There are several books for children that have a lasting quality and that ought to be in the hands of every imaginative child. One of these is the new one by Hugh Lofting, "The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle" (Stokes). This writer's first book, which appeared a couple of seasons ago, met with acclaim. Here was something fresh, full of play, written with a joy in the work that told in the reading. This is bigger and just as good, with pictures by the author that incite to loud and spontaneous laughter, and a great quantity of the most astonishing adventures. It is really funny, and it has the kind of fun that admits of being read over and over. Lofting has had the genius needed to write a real classic, and these books of his will endure like the green bay tree.

Another outstanding book is by an Englishman, H. H. Blashford, and is called "Half Past Bedtime" (Houghton Mifflin). To me it is one of the golden finds of the season. It reveals an imagination of the most enchanting kind, a true knowledge of boys and girls, and it is written in a masterly manner. As for the actual story, it is a series of astonishing adventures told in a matter of fact way that is irresistible. The children all live in London Square, but nothing prevents their em-



From "The Well in the Wood." By Bert Leston Taylor. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

barkation at a moment's invitation for the most far reaching journeys to wonder spots, with the oddest companions. It is all a mingling of the utmost magic with the ordinary course of life; and there are bits of character drawing, touches of pathos, an inner humor, that make the book a delight to the adult mind. And the dialogue is a sheer delight. My advice would be to get this book whatever age child you own, or even if you have none at all.

In an entirely different vein is the story by Carl Ewald, the Danish naturalist. His book, "Two Legs" (Stokes), has been translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, which is enough to say about the excellence of the job. It was one of the last things he did, at least as to the four new chapters here included. The story is the



From "Wisp: A Girl of Dublin." By Katherine Adams. (Macmillan Co.)

story of man in his contest with nature, and it is told as a kind of fairy story, which it certainly is. Two Legs is the hero, and it is he who moves from the earliest beginnings, naked and weaponless, to the final conquest of electricity.

Two Legs is, of course, the intelligence of man personified in this heroic personality. The tale moves with ease, it is crowded with adventure, it is true to basic fact, and it is excellent reading. I have spoken in another article of Carl

Spitteler's "Two Little Misogynists" (Henry Holt), translated by Vicomtesse de Roquette-Buisson, but it belongs here with the group of unusual books. It is a

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Faced with a crime which would bring every man's hand against him, Judson Clark—young, handsome, the owner of a hundred million dollars, fled in panic to the corral, saddled a horse and headed at a mad gallop for the mountains—in the teeth of a blizzard!

Ten years later the night editor of the *Times-Republican* picked up some sheets of paper with a photograph clamped to them and commented:

"Beverly Carlyle; back with bells on! You might ask what she thinks has become of Judson Clark. I have an idea she knows if anyone does."

Louis Bassett, star reporter and feature writer, stared.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

Bassett knew the story of that sensational career—the enormous fortune inherited by a boy who had gone mad about this same Beverly Carlyle; her marriage to her leading man, Howard Lucas; the subsequent killing of Lucas at Clark's Wyoming ranch, and Clark's complete disappearance in the mountains.

Can a man be two men? Could Dr. Dick Livingstone, so young, clean, lovable and straight-forward, engaged to marry a charming girl—could he be one with the panic-stricken fugitive, one with Judson Clark, the self-same man who, ten years before, had fled with breaking mind and reeling senses from a crime which made him forever an outlaw?



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by **Mary Roberts Rinehart**

Author of "The Bat," "The Amazing Interlude," etc.

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